

1837]

by the most poetic timber in the world, with a fine view of the South Downs through their tall stems, is the modern residence, an irregular cluster of great extent and presenting no lack of tall chimneys built at different times and added as

•occasion prompted.

I doubt whether I shall stay here beyond Saturday; but I find it difficult to get away, being very popular with the women, who are charmed I do not shoot. I like my friends; they are very good, warm-hearted people indeed. I am going to Petersfield to see the Jollifies to-day. . . .

Your affectionate,  
D.<sup>1</sup>

*To Mrs. Wyndham Lewis.*

WOOLBEDING, MJDHURST,

Oct. 29.

Your letter of the 18th did not reach me until yesterday, as I have been rambling about. I date this from the Maxses, where I have been staying three or four days and which I leave to-morrow. The house is full of shooting dandies, not much in my way. Until the last fortnight, I have been in Bucks, but on the wing. I stayed a week at Lord Chandos' at Wotton, a few days with Sir Gore Ouseley, and a few days at Newport Pagnell in the extreme north of the county, where we had a great Conservative dinner. We have indeed had a brisk campaign in this respect in our county, and I am quite wearied with after-dinner spouting. I have heard nothing directly from Maidstone, but indirectly I am, sorry to say I learnt yesterday that they are still very eager about their dinner, which they intend shall take place in November, though I should think this were impossible. Tell my colleague he must be in his place by the 15th. There is a pressing circular out. What is to happen no one knows, but there is a very active whip. Lord John had the impudence to write to Peel, enquiring whether there would be a division •on the Speakership; Sir Robert gave him a caustic reply and now the Whigs protest there will certainly be a struggle, though I doubt it myself. My health is excellent. . . .

An extraordinary season is expected: at present the only topic of interest is the Queen's visit to the City, and all the triumphal arches through which she is to pass before she tastes the orthodox turtle cooked in the sound of Bow Bells; as there are to be no toasts given the affair must be very dull. The Duke of Wellington dines there, and I hope Sir Robert